THE WITCH OF PRAGUE.

A Fantastic Tale.

By F. MARION CRAWFORD, Author of "MR. ISAACS," "DR. CLAU-DIUS," "A ROMAN SINGER," Etc.

ell me-and, indeed, I am gind that I do not

You know almost as much as I do."

The sister looked long and earnestly into Unorma's face, as though searching for something. She was a thin, pale woman over forty years of age. Not a wrinkle marked her waxen skin, and her hair was

entirely concealed under the smooth head-dress, but her age was in her eyes.

"What is your life, Unorna?" she asked suddenly. "We hear strange tales of it sometimes, though we know also that you

do great works of charity. But we hear

strange tales and strange words."
"Do you!" Unorna suppressed a smile of

"Strange things, strange things," r peated the nun, with a shake of the head.

sure I should, though we were good friends

one to protect them."
"No, no," Sister Paul hastened to assure

I know," she cried, "How foolish of

she immediately crossed herself devontly, iooking askance at Unorna as she did so. But Unorna only laughed again.

in great sorrow-and then they rest. That

"You can put people to sleep? Anyhedy?"
Sister Paul opened her faded eyes very
wide. "But that is not natural," she added
in a perplexed tone. "And what is not
natural cannot be right."

"And is all right that is natural." asked
Ingress thoughtful.

"He is not natural," repeated the other,
"How do you do it? Do you use strange words and herbs and incantations?"
Unorna lenghed again, but the nun seemed shocked by her levity, and she forced her-said to he own.

shorted by her levely, and she forced her-self to be grave.

No, indeed!" she answered. "I look into their eyes and tell them to sleep—and they do. Poor Sister Paul! You are behind the age in the dear old convent here! The

age in the dear old convent here! The fining is done in half the great hospitals of Europe every day, and men and women are cared in that way of diseases that paralyze them in hody as well as in mind. Men study to learn how it is done—it is as common to-day as a means of healing as the modelines have been been as all tasts. It is called

"I have heard the word, I think," she said, as though she thought there was something dishedical in it. "And do you hear the sick in this way by means of this-

is in old man, for instance, whom I have kept alive for many years by making him there—a great deal." Unorna smiled a

But have you no words with it! Noth-

Nothing. It is my will. That is all."

But if it is of good and not of the evilue, there should be a prayer with it, ould you not say a prayer with it,

"I dare say I could," replied the other, trying not to laugh. "But that would be doing two things at once—my will would be

It cannot be of good," said the nun. "It

is not natural, and it is not true that the prayer can distract the will from the perormance of a good deed." She shook her lead more energetically than usual. "And

alled a witch, you who have lived here

"It is not my fault," exclaimed Unorna.

somewhat annoved by her persistence.

"And besides, Sister Paul, even if the devil is in it, it would be right all the same,"

The nun held up her hands in holy horror,

nd her jaw dropped.

"My child! my child! How can you say

such things to me?"
"It is very true," Unorna answered,

quietly smiling at her amazement—If people who are ill are made well, is it not a real good, even if the Evil One does it? Is they good to make him do good, if one

"No, no!" cried Sister Paul in great dis-fress. "Do not talk like that let us not talk of it at all! Whatever it is, it is had,

and I do not understand it, and I am sur-that none of us here could, no matter how

well you explained it. But if you will do it. Unorna, my dear child, then say a prayer each time, against temptation and the dev-

With that the good nun crossed herself a

third time, and unconsciously, from force of habit began to tell her beads with one

nand mechanically smoothing her broad stretched collar with the other. Unorna

ras silent for a few minutes, plucking at the sable lining of the cloak which lay be-

de her upon the sofa where she had

fropped it.
"Let us talk of other things," she said at

last. "Talk of the other lady who is here.
Who is she! What brings her into retreat
at this time of year?"
"Poor thing—yes, she is very unhappy."
answered Sister Paul. "It is a sad story,
so far as I have heard it. Her father is
last dead, and she is along in the could.

not dead, and she is alone in the world. The abbess has received a letter from car-

inal archbishop, requesting that we would eccive her, and this morning she came.

His eminence knew her father, it appears. She is only to be here for a short time, I believe, until her relations come to take

her home to her own country. Her father was taken ill in a country place near the city, which he had hired for the shooting

season, and the poor girl was left all alone

out there. The cardinal thought she would be safer and perhaps less unhappy with us while she is waiting."
"Of course," said Unorna, with a faint interest. "How old is she, poor child?"
"She is not a child—she must be five and twenty years old, though perhaps her say.

wenty years old, though perhaps her sor-row makes her look older than she is."
"And what is her name!"
"Beatrice—I cannot remember the name

"What is it?" asked the nun, noticing Unorna's sudden movement.

miliar to me, that is all. It suggested

Nothing the name of Beatrice is fa-

mething." Though Sister Paul was as unworldly as

munity, where each member is in some measure dependent upon all the rest for-

can, even against his will

t is not good, either that you should

"Do you?" Unorna suppressed a smile of orn, "What do people say of me? I never

What are they! Tell me one of them, as

(Copyrighted 1891 by the Author.)

paired avin.-(Continued.) at least, there was therefore con n strow she would see hin

at of complete despai lips, and as she thought of it. e absolute stillness of her courtions of the strom grew ble dimensions of a future et as a senfarer, when hi e flat cam of the oily harbor, incredulously of the danger throad for the auxiety he es that on the morrow he will es again, though the wind hercely. In Unorna the maspercely. In Unorna the mass-persections as ever. In a new rock of her pride floated army distance, but she turned specter of her domiliation tried to taunt her with he

an instance."
"I should fear to offend you—indeed, I am once.

And are still. The more reason why you should tell me what is said. Of course, I am alone in the world, and people will always tell vite tales of women who have no might still ix her eyes on agarded moment cast him "No, no," Sister Paul hastened to assure her. "As a woman, no word has reached us that touches Jour fair name. On the contrary, I have heard worldly women say much more that is good of you in that re-spect than they will say of each other. But She remembered that et done as much scholar who for The, call you by a name that makes me shadder when I hear in "

in to rise, and walk, to ny not the Wandezer, eyes, he would be mive

men of extraordinar

incu building of the was determined No one would It was nothing be himself, and yet he would

Tider passing and repasscut of the single lamp that walking quickly, with a ure in the movement and that fanned her cheek yn and she stood still tere coming towards he She waited near her they would pass her. she saw that one was a plain gray robe and ead-dress of the order. and stood for a moment ther Unorms could not shather faces. Then the of the rooms, the third or Unorms, and the non-reitside, apparently hesi-torn to the right or the reeff in which direction of her. Unorma made a

ing that, as a mere wo

d the min, with an intona-and pleasure. "I did not were here. What brings you

Sister Paul-nothing but a

diswered the sister, "One

and rather sadly.

Lappen in a night," replied mile. "You used to tell me my nothing of time. Have mind! Come into my room il is supper time."

finished," said Sister Paul, crough. The other laty are insisted upon supping fectory—out of curiosity. hing-and I met her on the

s no one else, and she only

og. You see it is still the ear-tic world. It is in Lent that a room free." led sadly, shaking her head

as that seemed habitual with she added, as Unorna said

better that they should come can not at all, though I often be better still if they spent be convent and Leut in the

five and twenty years of cloistered life can make a woman who is naturally simple in mind and devout in thought, she possessed d you speak of would be a you had the ordering of it, that faculty of quick observation which is learned as readily and exercised, perhaps, as constantly in the midst of a small com-

I know little enough of the world as aderstand it, save for what our guests

the daily pittance of ideas, as in wider spheres of life. "You may have seen this lady, or you

may have heard of her," she said.
"I would like to see her," Unorna answered thoughtfully.
She was thinking of all the possibilities She was thinking of all the possibilities in the case. She remembered the clearness and precision of the Wanderer's first impression, when he first told her how he had seen Beatrice in the Teyn church, and she reflected that the name was a very uncommon one. The Beatrice of his story, too, had a father and no other relation, and was supposed to be traveling with him. By the uncertain light in the corridor Unorus had not been able to distinguish the lady's features, but the impression she had received had been that she was dark, as Beatrice was. There was no reason in the nature of things why this should not be the woman whom the Wanderer loved. It was natural whom the Wanderer loved. It was natural enough that, being left alone in a strange city at such a moment, she should have sought refuge in a convent, and this being admitted, it followed that she would nat-urally have been advised to retire to the one in which Unorna found herself, it being the one in which ladies were most frequently received as guests. Unorna could hardly trust herself to speak. She was conscious that Sister Paul was watching

ber, and she turned her face from the lamp,
"There can be no difficulty about your
seeing her or talking with her if you wish
it," said the nun. "She told me that she
would be at Compline at 9 o'clock. If you will be there yourself you can see her come n and watch her when she goes out. Do u think you have ever seen her?"
"No," answered Unorna, in an odd tone.

I am sure that I have not." Sister Paul concluded from Unorna's manner that she must have reason to be leve that the guest was identical with som one of whom she had heard very often. Her manner was abstracted and she seemed ill at ease. But that might be the result of

Are you not hungry!" asked the nun. You have had nothing since you came, I nm sure."
"No-yes-it is true," answered Unorna

I had forgotten. It would be very kind of you to send me something."

Sister Paul rose with alacrity, to Unorna's great relief.

"I will see to it." she said, holding out her hand, "We shall meet in the morning. Good night.



UNGRNA AND BEATRICE.

"Good night, dear Sister Paul. Will you e was hardly conscious.
"Indeed I will—with all my heart, m

"Indeed I will—with all my heart, my dear child," answered the nun, looking carnestly into her face, "You are not happy in your life, she anded, with a siow, sad movement of her head.
"No-I am not happy. But I will be." "I fear not." said Sister Paul, almost under her breath, as she went out softly.

Unorna was left alone. She could not sit still in her extreme anxiety. It was agonable to think that the woman she longed not, upon any reasonable pretext, go and knock at her door, and see her and speak to her. She felt also a terrible doubt, as to whether she would recognize her at first sight, as the same woman whose shadow had passed between herself and the Wan-derer on that eventful day, a month ago. The shadow had been velled, but she had a prescient consciousness of the features be-neath the vell. Nevertheless, she might be mistaken. It would be necessary to seek her story, enough to confirm Unorma's sus ncions, or to prove conclusively that they were unfounded. To do this, Unorna her-self needed all her strength and coolness, and she was glad when a lay sister entered

, bringing her evening meal. were moments when Unorna, in favorable circumstances, was able to sink into the so-called state of second sight, by an act of volition, and she wished new that she could close her eyes and see the face of the woman who was only separated from her by two or three walls. But that was not possible in this case. To be successful e would have needed some sort of guid-thread, or she must have already known the person she wished to see. She could not command that inexplicable condition as she could dispose of her other powers, at all times and in almost all moods. felt that if she were at present capable of falling into the trance state at all, her mind would wander uncontrolled in some other direction. There was nothing to be done

out to have patience.

The lay sister went out. Unorna ate me chanically what had been set before her, and waited. She felt that a crisis perhaps more terrible than that through which she had lately passed was at hand, if the stranger should prove to be indeed the Beatrice whom the Wanderer loved. Her brain was in a whirl when she thought of being brought face to face with the woman who had been before her, and every cruel and ruthless instinct of her nature rose and took shape in plans for her rival's destruc-

draught of frozen air that rushed in from the corridor. She wished to hear the lady: ootstep when she left her room to go to the church, and she sat down and remained motionless, fearing lest her own footfall should prevent the sound from reaching her. The heavy-toned bells began to ring far off in the night.

At last it came, the opening of the door, the slight noise made by a tread upon the pavement. She rose quietly and went out, following in the same direction. She could see nothing but a dark shadow moving beore her towards the opposite end of the cassage, farther and farther from the hang-ng lamp. Unorna could hear her own g lamp. Unorna could hear her own eart beating as she followed, first to the ght, then to the left. There was another ght at this point. The lady had noticed hat some one was coming behind her and urned her head to look back. The delicate, lark profile stood out clearly. Unorna held her breath, walking swiftly forward. But n a moment the lady went on, and entered he chapel-like room from which a great alconied window looked down into the hurch above the choir. As Unorna went in she saw her kneeling upon one of the stools, her hands folded, her head inclined, her eyes closed, a black vell loosely thrown over her still blacker hair and falling down ipon her shoulders without hiding her face. Unorna sank upon her knees, compressing her lips to restrain the incoherent exclamation that almost broke from them in spite of her, clasping her hands desper-ately, so that the faint blue veins stood out

upon the marble surface.

Below hundreds of candles blazed upon the altar in the choir and sent their full, vellow radiance up to the faces of the two women, as they knelt there almost side by side, both young, both beautiful, but utterly unlike. In a single glance Unorna had un-derstood that it was true. An arm's length separated her from the rival whose very existence made her own happiness an utter impossibility. With unchanging, un-willing gaze, she examined every detail of that beauty which the Wanderer had so

loved that even when forgotten there was no sight in his eyes for other women. It was indeed such a face as a mad would find it hard to forget. Unorna, seeing the reflection of it in the Wanderer's mind, had fancied it otherwise, though she could not but recognize the reality from the im-pression she had received. She had impression she had received. She had im-agined it more ethereal, more faint, more sexless, more angelic, as she had seen it in her thoughts. Divine it was, but womanly beyond Unorma's own. Dark, delecately aquiline, tall and noble, the purity it ex-

pressed was of earth and not of heaven. was not transparent, for there was life in every feature, it was sad, indeed, almost beyond human sadness, out it was sad with the mortal sorrows of this world, not with the unfathomable melancholy of the suffering saint. The lips were human, womanly pure and tender, but not formed for speech or prayer alone. The drooping lips, not drawn, but darkened with faint, uneven shadows by the flow of many tears, were slowly lifted now and again, disclosing a vision of black eyes not meant for endless weeping, nor made so deep and warm only to strain their sight toward heaven above, forgetting earth below. Unwarm heave the the unfathomable melancholy of the suffer forgetting earth below. Unorna knew that those same eyes could gleam, and flash, and blaze, with love and hate and anger, that under the rich, pale skin, the blood could rise and ebb with the changing tide of the heart, that the warm lips could part with passion, and, moving, form words of love. She saw pride in the wide, sensitive nostrils, strength in the eyen brow and nostrils, strength in the even brow and queenly dignity in the perfect poise of the head upon the slender throat. And the clasped hands were womanly, too, neither full and white and heavy like those of a marble statue, as Unorna's were, nor thin and over-sensitive, like those of holy women in old pictures, but real and living, delieate in outline, but not without pervous strength, hands that might linger in an-other's, not wholly passive, but all respon-sive to the thrill of a loving touch. It was very hard to bear. A better woman than Unorna might have felt some-

thing evil and cruel and nating in her heart at the sight of so much beauty in one who held her place, in the queen of the kingdom where she longed to reign. Unorna's check grew very pale and her unlike eyes were nerce and dangerous. It was well for her that she could not speak to Beatrice then. for she wore no mask and the dark beauty would have seen the danger of death in the face of the fair, and would have turned and

defended herself in time.

But the sweet singing of the nuns came softly up from below, echoing to the groined roof, rising and falling, high and low, and the full radiance of the many waxen tapers shown steadily from the great altar, gliding and warming status and or nice and an ing and warming statue and cornice and an-cient moulding and casting deep shadows into all the places that it could not reach. And still the two women knelt in their high balcony, the one rant in fervent prayer the other wondering that the presence of such hatred as hers should became the wower. other wondering that the presence of such hatred as hers should have no power to kill, and all the time making a supreme effort to compose her own features into the expression of friendly sympathy and interest which she kinew she would need, so soon as the singing ceased and it was time to leave the church again.

The psalms were finished. There was a pause, and then the words of the ancient hymn floated up to Unorma's ears, familiar in years gone, by Almest was recognized.

n years gone by. Almost unconsciously be herself, by force of old habit, joined in the first verse. Then, suddenly, she stopped, not realizing, indeed, the horrible guifthat lay between the words that passed her lips and the thoughts that were at work in her heart, but silenced by the near souns of a voice less rich and full, but far more exquisite and tender than her own. Beat-

Procul recedant semnia. Et noctium phantasmata: Hostem que nostrum comprime ..."
"Let dreams be far, and phantasms of the light—bind theu our foe," sang Beatrice in

ng, sweet notes. Unorna heard no more. The light dazzled her and the blood beat in her heart. It seemed as though no prayer that was ever prayed could be offered up more directly against herself, and the voice that sang it though not loud, had the rare power of car rying every sylable distinctly in its magic tones, even to a great distance. As she knelt, it was as if Beatrice had been ever nearer, and had breathed the words into her very ear. Afraid to look around lest her face should betray her emotion, Unorna glanced down at the kneeling nuns. She started. Sister Paul, alone of them all, was looking up, her faded eyes fixed on Unorna's with a look that implored and yet despaired, her clasped hands a little raised from the low desk before her, most evi-dently offering up the words with the whole

"Not now," said Unorna, "But I was ere for a long time when I was very By a common instinct, as they fell into

By a common instinct, as they fell into conversation, they began to walk more slowly, side by side.

"Indeed," said Beatrice, with a slight increase of interest. "Then you were brought up here by the nuns!"

"Not exactly. It was a sort of refuge for me when I was almost a child. I was left here alone until I was thought old enough to take care of myself."

There was a little bitterness in her tone, intentional, but masteriy in its truth to

intentional, but masterly in its truth to

nature.

"Left by your parents," Beatrice asked.

The question seemed almost inevitable.
"I had none. I never knew a father nor a mother." Unorna's voice grew sad with each syllable. each syllable.

They had entered the great corridor in which their apartments were situated, and were approaching. Beatrice's door. They walked more and more slowly, in silence during the last few moments, after Unorna

mal spoken. Unorna sighed. The passing breath, traveling on the air of the lonely place, seemed both to invite and offer sym-'My father died last week," Beatrice

said in a very low tone, that was quite steady. "I am quite alone-here and in the world." She had her hand upon the latch and her

deep black eyes rested upon Unorna's, as though almost, but not quite, conveying an invitation, hungry for human comfort, yet "I am very lenely, too," said Unerna.
"May I sit with you for awhile?"
She had just time to make the bold stroke

that was necessary. In another moment she knew that Beatrice would have disap-peared within. Her heart beat violently until the answer came. She had been suc-

"I am your company, but I shall be very glad if you will come in."

She opened the door and Unorna entered. The apariment was almost exactly like her own in size and shape and furniture, but it already had the air of being inhabited.

There were books upon the table, and a square jewel case and an old silver frame containing a large photograph of a stern, dark man in middle age. Bestrice's father, as Unorna at once understood. Cloaks and furs lay in some confusion upon the chairs, a large box stood with the lid raised, against the wall, displaying a quantity of face, among which lay sliks and ribbons of soft colors.

"I only came this morning." Beatrice

said, as though to apologize for the dis-

Unorna sank down in a corner of the sofa, chading her eyes from the bright lump with her hand. She could not help looking at Beatrice, but she felt that she must not let her scrutiny be too apparent, nor her conversation too eager. Beatrice was proud and strong and could doubtless be very cold and forbidding when she

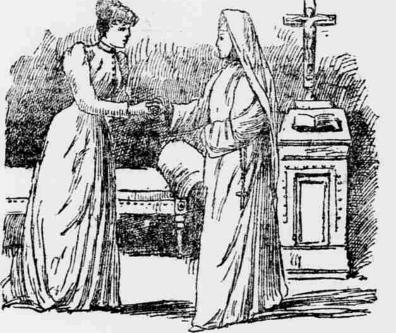
"And do you expect to be here long. Unorna asked, as Beatrice established herself at the other end of the sora.
"I cannot tell," was the answer, "I may be here but a few days, or I may have to

lived here for years," said Unorna, thoughtfully, "I suppose it would be impossible now-I should die of apathy and inanition." She laughed in a subdued way, as though respecting Beatrice's mourning But I was young then, she added said deal, withdrawing her hand from her eyes only withdrawing her hand from her eyes, that the full light of the lamp fell upon

She chose to show that she, too, was beau iful, and she knew that Beatrice had as yet hardly seen her face as they passed through the gloomy corridors. It was an instinct of vanity, and yet, for her purpose, it was the right one. The effect was sudden and un-expected, and Beatrice looked at her almost fixedly, in undisguised admiration. "Young then!" she exclaimed. "You are

'Less young than I was then," Unorna answered, with a little sigh, followed in stantly by a smile.
"I am five and twenty," said Beatrice,

woman enough to try and force a confes-sion from her new acquaintance.



"GOOD-NIGHT," SHE SAID.

fervent intention of her pure soul, as an intercession for Unorna's sins. For one moment the strong cruel heart dmost wavered, not through fear, but almost wavered, not through fear, bu under the nameless impression that some

times takes hold of men and women. The divine voice beside her seemed to dominate the hundreds below, the nun's despairing look for one instant chilled all her love and all her hatred, so that she longed to be alone, away from it all, and forever. But the hymn ended, the voice was silent, and Sister Paul's glance turned again towards the altar. The moment was past and Unorna was again what she had been be-

Then followed the canticle-Nune dimittie, Domine—the voice of the prioress in the versieles after that, and the voices of the responses-the creed-a few more versicles and responses, the short, final prayers, and all was over. From the church below came up the soft sound that many women make when they move stilently together. The nuns were passing out in their appointed order. Beatrice remained kneeling a few mo-

ments longer, crossed herself and then e. At the same moment Unorna was on feet. The necessity for immediate action at all costs restored the calm to her face and the tactful skill to her actions. She reached the door first, and then, half turning her head, stood aside, as though to give Beatrice precedence in passing. Beatrice glanced at her face for the first time, and then by a courteous movement of the head signified that Unorna should go out first. Unorna appeared to hesi-tate, Beatrice to protest. Both women smiled a little and Unorna, with a gesture go out first. of submission, passed through the door-way. She had managed it so well that t was almost impossible to avoid speak ing as they threaded the long corridors together. Unorna allowed a moment to pass, as though to let her companion understand the slight awkwardness of the situation, and then addressed her, in a tone

of quiet and natural civility.
"We seem to be the only ladies in retreat," she said. "Yes," Beatrice answered. Even in that one syllable something of the quality of her thrilling voice vibrated for an instant. They walked a few steps farther on in silence.
"I am not exactly in retreat," she said presently, either because she felt that it would be almost rude to say nothing or be-cause she wished her position to be clearly understood. "I am waiting here for some

understood. "I am waiting here for some one who is to come for me." "It is a very quiet place to rest in," said Unorna. "I am fond of it." "You often come here, perhapet"

"Are you? I would not have thought-w are nearly of an age—quite, perhaps, for it am not yet twenty-six. But then, it is not

the years—' She stopped suddenly.

Beatrice wondered whether Unorna were
married or not. Considering the age she admitted, and her extreme beauty, it seemed probable that she must be. It occurred to her that the acquaintance had been made without any presentation, and that neither knew the other's name.

"Since I am a little the younger," she aid, "I should tell you who I am."
Unorna made a slight movement. She was on the point of saying that she knew I am Beatrice Varanger."

"I am Unorma" She could not help a sort of cold defiance that sounded in her tone as she pronounced the only name she could call hers.
"Unorma!" Beatrice repeated, courteously enough, but with an air of surprise.
"Yes—that is all. It seems strange to

They call me so because I wa you! They call me so because I was born in February, in the month we call Unor. Indeed, it is strange, and so is my story-though it could have little interest to you. "Forgive me—you are wrong. It would interest me immensely—if you would tell me a little of it—but I am such a stranger

"I do not feel as though you were that," Unorna answered, with a very gentle smile, "You are very kind to say so," said Beatrice quietly Unorna was perfectly well aware that it

must seem strange, to say the least of it, that she should tell Beatrice the wild story of her life, when they had as yet exchanged barely a hundred words. But she cared little what Beatrice thought, provided she could interest her. She had a distinct intention in making the time slip by unno-liced, until it should be late. She related her history, so far as it was

known to herself, simply and graphically, substantially as it has been already set forth, but with an abundance of anecdote and comment, which enhanced the interest and at the same time extended its limits in-terspersing her monologues with remarks which called for an answer, and which served as tests of her companion's atten tion. She finited but lightly at her posses-sion of unusual power over animals, and spoke not at all of the influence she could exert upon people. Beatrice listened ea-gerly. She could have told on her part, that for years her own life had been dull and empty, and that it was long since she had talked with any one who had so aroused her

At last Unorna was silent. She had reached the period of her life which had be-

point her story ended.
"Then you are not married?" Beatrice's

one expressed an interrogation, and a certain surprise.
"No." said Unorna, "I am not married.

And you, if I may ask?"

Beatrice started visibly. It had not occurred to her that the question might seem a natural one for Unorna to ask, although she had said that she was all alone in the world. Unorna might have supposed her to have lest her busband. But Unorna could see that it was not surprise alone that had startled her. The question as the had startled her. The question, as she knew it must, had roused a deep and pain-

new it must, had roused a deep and painful train of thought.

"No," said Beatrice, in an altered voice,
"I am not married. I shall never marry."

A short silence followed, during which she turned her face away.

"I have pained you," said Unorna, with profound sympathy and regret. "Forgive me! How could I be so tactless!"

"How could you know!" Beatrice asked.

How could you know?" Beatrice asked simply, not attempting to deny the sug-

But Unorna was suffering, too. had allowed berself to imagine that in the long years which had passed, Beatrice might perhaps had forgotten. It had even crossed her mind that she might, in-deed, be married. But in the few words, deed, be married. But in the few words, and in the tremor that accompanied them. as well as in the increased pallor of Beatrice's face, she detected a love not less deep and constant and unforgotten than the

Wanderer's own.
"Forgive me," Unorna repeated. "I might have guessed. I have loved, too."
She knew that here, at least, she could not feigh, and she could not control her voice, but with supreme judgment of effect she allowed herself to be carried beyond all reserve. In the one short sentence her whole passion expressed itself, genuine, leep, strong ruthless. She let the words some as they would, and Buatrice was startled by the passionate cry that burst from the heart, so wholly unrestrained.

For a long time neither spoke again, and ror a long time neither spoke again, and neither looked at the other. To all appear-ances Beatrice was the first to regain her self-possession. And then, all at once, the words came to her lips which could be re-strained no longer. For years she had kept silence, for there had been no one to whom she could steak. For years, she had whom she could speak. For years she had sought him, as best she could, as he had sought her, fruitlessly and at last hopelessly. And she had known that her father was seeking him also, everywhere, that he might drag her to the ends of the earth at the mere suspicion of the Wanderer's pres-ence in the same country. It had amounted to a madness with him of the kind not seldom seen. Beatrice might marry whom she pleased, but not the one man she loved. Day by day and year by year their two strong wills had been silently opposed, and neither the one nor the other had ever been unconscious of the struggle, nor had either yielded a hairbreadth. But Beatrice had yielded a hairbreadth. But Beatrice had been at her father's mercy, for he could take her whither he would, and in that she could not resist him. Never in that time had she lost faith in the devotion of the man she sought, and at last it was only in the belief that he was dead that she could discover an explanation of he indirector. discover an explanation of his failure to find her. Still, she would not change, and still, through the years she loved more and more truly, and passionately, and unchang-

ingly.
The feeling that she was in the presence of a passion as great, as unhappy, and as masterful as her own, unloosed her tongue, such things happen in this strange world. Men and women of deep and strong feel-ings, outwardly cold, reserved, tacitarn and proud, have been known, once in their lives, to pour out the secrets of their hearts to a stranger or a mere acquaintance, as they could never have done to a friend.

Beatrice seemed scarcely conscious of what she was saying, or of Unorma's preswhat she was saying, or of thorma's pres-ence. The words, long kept back and sternly restrained, fell with a strange strength from her lips, and there was not one of them from first to last that did not sheathe itself like a sharp knife in Unorna's

The enormous lealousy of Unorma, which had been growing within her beside he love during the last month, was reaching the climax of its overwhelming magnitude She hardly knew when Beatrice ceased speaking, for the words were still all ringing in her ears and clashing mostly in her own breast and prompting her herce nature to do some violent deed. But Beatrice looked for no sympathy, and did not see Unorna's face. She had forgotten Unorna herself at last, as she sat staring at the op-

Then she rose quickly, and taking some-thing from the jewel-box, thrust it into Unorna's hands.

"I cannot tell why I have told you have. You shall see him, too. What does it matter? We have both loved, we are both unhappy-we shall never meet again

"What is it?" Unorns tried to sak, hold-ing the closed case in her hands. She knew what was within it well enough, and her self-command was forsaking her. It was almost more than she could bear. It was as though Beatrice were wreaking vengeance on her, instead of her destroying her rival

s she meant to do, sooner or later.

Beatrice took the thing from her, opened it, gazed at it a moment and put it again into Unorna's hands. "It was like him," she said, watching her companion as though to see what effect the portrait would pro-

ice. Then she shrank back. Unorna was looking at her. Her face was lived and unnaturally drawn, and the extraordinary contrast in the color of her tw eyes was horribly apparent. The one seemed to freeze, the other to be on fire The strongest and worst passions that can play upon the human soul were all ex-pressed with awful force in the distorted mask, and not a trace of the magnificent beauty so lately there was visible. Beatrice shrank back in horror.

"You know him!" she cried, half guess-

ing at the truth.
"I know him-and I love him," said Unorna, slowly and fiercely, her eyes fixed on her enemy, and gradually leaning to-ward her, so as to bring her face nearer and nearer to Beatrice.

The dark woman tried to rise, and could

not. There was worse than anger, or hatred, or the intent to kill, in those dreadful eyes. There was a fascination from which no living thing could escape She tried to scream, to shut out the vision to raise her hand as a screen before it Nearer and nearer it came, until she coul Then her brain reeled, her limbs relaxed and her head fell back against the wall. "I know him, and I love him." were the last words Beatrice heard.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GAB'S GABBLE.

Lunncy in a Few Tragical and Amusing Forms.

KILLED HIS CONVICT SON.

Paternal Roof-A Gunshot Made ing Family Disturbance.

An Old Man Drives His Son from the

Verily, one-half of the world knows not how the other half lives. We frequently, read of friends and even relatives living in the same vicinity, yes, in the same building, in some of our large cities for years, each unwave of the state of the same building. each unaware of the other's proximity until chance or accident reveals the truth. This world is a sort of Box and Cox existence, anyhow.

Years ago a Southern gentleman in go circumstances quarrelled with his only s h, and one night in the heat of passion drive him from the paternal roof with blows and curses.
Left alone with his sorrow-for

father loved his boy with all his faultsgrieved so much that he neglected his business, took to drmking and in the course of time, from a well-to-do planter, became drunken loafer about low groggeries pendent upon the charity of these who, et retained some pity for their old friend. In

gun a month before that time, and at that a drunken quarrel he shot a promi neut citizen and thinking he had killed him fled the country. In his wan-derings he became intimate with some men Eggard in the convict business and adopted that as a means of livelihood, engaging himself as a guard at an isolated convict campin a Southern state.

One day he was given a squad of new men to guard, and on their way to work carly in the morning one bolder than the others made a break for liberty. The guard others made a break for liberty. The guard raised his shotgun and fired. The running man sprang in the air and drop-ped dead—shot through the heart. The report of the gun brought other guards hurrying to the spot who on finding nothing more alarming than a dead convict complimented the guard on his marksmanship and made preparations to course the unfortunate man's remains to comp. As they filed past nim on their way the old man cast a look at the face of the dead convist, and with a heart rending cry threw himself on the body in a deathly swoon. In his one brief glance he had recognized his long lost sen.

A BUNTER'S TAIL.

In S7, while with a party of honters among the islands and payons of the mighty Mississippl, we sought the ter one day from a sudden storm, in the rude hut of an old colored woman and her two sons, who made their living on the river. They had staying with them an old white headed man is word with the weight of variety. staying with them an old white-hended man, sowed with the weight of years, who did old lobs about the place, so they lord us, but from whose dull eyes the last rat of intelligence had field forever. "He's a cell," they said, "out pufelity harmles" les an when be hears a gim, wen he do cut up mes' powful.

AMIABLE FEWALES. On a similar excitation to a northern part of the river, I met with a peculiar ex-perience, which doubtless can be vouched for by some of my readers is the family referred to are well known in their vicinity. We ran short of provisions and I was ap-

We ran short of provisions and I was appointed a committee of one to wait on the first farmer and pirchine supplies. Accordingly, the bort landed me a short distance from a comparable looking residence not far from the river toward which I proceeded with feelings of confidence and hope, inspired by the glumpse of a well-kept graden and numerous chickens about rying size in an adjacent yard.

I was met at the dear by a most prepossessing young woman, who on being made acquainted with my wasts signified her readiness to supply me with everything accessing.

signation became with my wants, signation becomes to any ply me with everything necessariat reasonable prices. Although the price-named were considerable in advance of market quotations, set in one situation most anything was reassonable and we soon made a trade.

when the articles were produced, and just as I had pulled out my purse to pay for them, a door opened, and in bounced a sec-oud female, a few years the senior of the first one, who with flashing eves de-

"Say, did you buy anything from that On my replying in the affirmative, she

ien snapped out:
"Have you paid her"
"Not yet," I answered, but as you "Very well, then," she interrupted Don't pay her-pay me-she's crazy,

(this last scornfully). The younger one, who from the moment of the others entrance had been seized with a nervous trembling, now whirled around and with elenched fists and eyes that darted

and with cemented lists under es that darted seven kinds of lightning, relied: "You lie! you are crare yourself! you know it, in knows!! Jim knows!!-every-one knows!!" This last announcement was a perfect scream.

Things were getting extremely interest-These two nimable females, sisters I judged from the similarity of form and feature, commenced gyrating about the room, eyes flashing, faces distorted with anger, over-turning chairs and tables and continually labbering and jesticulating like the two crazy women they were, until I had about concluded to beat a retreat to the

boat, grub or no grub, when another door opened and a third female appeared.

This last acquisition was old enough to be the mother of this mest interesting couple. and she strode between them with a commanding gesture and quiet was immediately

Addressing herself to me she desired to know the cause of all the uproar. With confidence somewhat restored and thankful -but I that there was at least one same person he the house, I speedily explained matters and expressed a desire to pay for my provisions

expressed a desire to pay for my provisions and return to my friends.

"You will pay me, sir," she immediately exclaimed, "they are both crazy, and not fit to have money. Give it to me."

Although her rapid atterance and excited demeanor at the sight of my pocket head did not make me feed morally certain.

book, did not make me feel morally of her own sanity, yet I prepared to or her own sanity, yet I prepared to hand over the necessary amount and escape from the pandemonium, when the trouble cas they used to say in negro minstrel pro-grammes) commenced again, with this difference—there were now three participants instead of two.

pants instead of two.

I had got in the center of the room and now like a martyr at the stake there I stood while these three maniaes circled round and round me, in a sort of wild Indian war dance, jabbering and mouthing and leering at me until I became anxious regarding no mly my own sanity but my safety as well. While the fun (for I can see the joke better now) waxed fast and furious, a heavy

step sounded on the gallery outside and a tall muscular looking man entered with a rifle in one hand and a bunch of squirrels in the other. Placing them in a corner he ad-ded his yells to the tunult, and being the owner and possessor of an unusually pow-erful pair of itunes, he soon drowned all other sounds and made himself master of the situation. I was by this time in a cold sweet and wished that all the butter was sweat and wished that all the butter, eggs and chickens in the country were at the bottom of the river with this most intereat-ing family safely buried beneath them.

Having restored quiet by the means men-tioned the last arrival desired an explana-tion in his turn and after receiving it coolly informed me that the women were all crazy and the old man (whoever he was) was as mad as a hornet, and that I had better pay him if I wanted the provisions. He called t 'snack' I remember.
I quickly concluded the transaction and

picking up my basket, which fortunately had been in a corner and so escaped injury, I made tracks for the river. I did not run-I scorn the insinuation, nor did I walk-I

I was afraid the young man might also take one of those sudden spells which seemed to afflict the rest of the family. When once in sight of the boat I ventured to look back at the scene of my late exciting experience, and this is what I saw:
Out in the front yard dancing about in a
style that would make Carmenetta grow
green with eavy were the mother, the two sisters and the brother, while from an upper

"NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL."

man played an accompaniment on a tin pan. G. A. B.



